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Secession

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East Tennessee

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









# SECESSION

OR

Prose in Rhyme

AND

## EAST TENNESSEE

A Poem

BY

AN EAST TENNESSEAN.

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# SECESSION;

OR,

Prose in Rhyme.

BY

AN EAST TENNESSEAN.

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“Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; walk in the light of your fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled.”—Is. l. 11.

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## SECESSION.



WHAT pen can trace, with just impression,  
The glowing wonders of Secession,—  
So peaceful once, so warlike now,  
With ghastly form and frowning brow? (1)  
Once holding out, by way of suction,  
The principle of reconstruction;  
Now branding all as traitors, who  
Would past alliances renew; (2)  
*At home*, arousing States to fear  
That Abolition's sway was near;  
*Abroad*, denying that such cause  
Made States and men defy the laws;  
*Here*, charging home, like cunning knaves,  
That "Lincoln's War" would free the slaves;  
*There*, begging England's cash and aid,  
To speed the progress of "Free Trade;"

*Here*, fighting for the right *to* man,  
*There*, offering Abolition plan;  
Now, claiming Cotton as the King  
Of all the world — the magic spring  
To press crowned monarchs to their knees,  
And make them do just as we please;  
But, finding dull *that* cotton phasis,  
Proclaiming it a specie basis;  
Then, teaching that all men should spurn it,  
And, with religious fervor, burn it; (4)  
Inviting foreign intervention  
To stop, at once, a fierce contention;  
But foiled, denying recognition  
As needful, in our strong condition; (5)  
With Protean shape, chameleon hue,  
Forever changing, ever new —  
A thing of magic and of might,  
Ne'er warped to wrong, but always right!

Who hath not heard that WASHINGTON,  
With all its wealth, would soon be won? (6)  
That one brave bee, of Southern hive,  
From Northern swarms, could vanquish five?  
That craven Yankees would not fight,  
And, seeing us, must take to flight?

That war *their* fields might desolate,  
But dare not visit Southern State?  
Tho', if it came, then glory's blaze  
Should burn it out in sixty days?  
While Southern men need have no fears,  
As none might fight but Volunteers? (7)

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Who doth not know that Washington  
Has not been reached, will ne'er be won;  
That one live Yankee is as much  
As Southern knight may safely touch;  
And that to tread on Northern soil  
Somehow produces strange recoil?  
Who hath not seen the fierce conscription —  
In all its moods, beyond description —  
Compel the twelve months' Volunteers,  
Against their will, to serve three years? (8)  
Hunt Union sympathizers down,  
And, handcuffed, bring them into town?  
Who doth not feel that War, defied,  
Has sadly humbled Southern pride,  
When conquering legions come at will,  
Our lands and harbors all to fill?

Who now can Northern courage doubt  
When promised victory proved a rout?

If tidings of their fame you seek,  
Go view the flight at Fishing Creek;  
If useful truth not prone to shun,  
Behold the fall of Donelson;  
If falsehood, trained to scorn and hate,  
Of many a stronghold read the fate,  
And learn that every place which fell  
Was heralded — impregnable!  
No foeman's face should e'er be seen  
To frown, or smile, at Bowling Green;  
Columbus, Island Number Ten,  
Could never yield to Yankee men;  
While Norfolk, New Orleans, Shiloh,  
Would each inflict a fatal blow,  
And Vicksburg, as a fortress stand,  
The pride and boast of Dixie land! (9)

The people drank the bitter cup  
As, one by one, they all "went up;"  
But, in their grief, were blandly told  
That neither place was — *fit to hold!*

If Lee, with cannon, sword, and lance,  
On Northern soil makes proud advance,  
His aim will thousand tongues unfold  
To conquer towns with daring bold;  
To seize their Railroads, burn their cars,  
And wave o'er cities "Stars and Bars;"  
But if, perchance, each nobler deed  
Is baffled by the impetuous MEADE —  
If, with a routed army, LEE,  
O'er swollen streams, is forced to flee,  
He never purposed to remain;  
His object was—to *save his train*;  
And, tho' he retrogrades his track,  
'Tis no retreat, but—"falling back!!" (10)

Ere war began, a wordy flood  
Of eloquence, belittled blood,  
And Orators, ere war should stop,  
Would spill their last and reddest drop;  
But, since they raised the awful flame,  
Their best performances, how tame!  
The tattered Southern army view,  
Dragged out by an ambitious crew  
Of selfish leaders, 'gainst the right  
And their own native land to fight.

How few of those who strove to fire  
The Southern heart with war and ire,  
Among their guilty, naughty pranks,  
E'er deemed it safe to join the ranks !  
How many of the selfish brutes  
Were swift to hire substitutes,  
Themselves from all exposure shield,  
But others urge to take the field,  
While they could stay at home and make  
Whatever gains they chose to take :  
Or, if provoked by pride or shame,  
On tented field to win a name,  
They, from their firesides ventured out,  
To share in victory or rout,  
'Twas only that as officers,  
With gilded coats and brazen spurs,  
They might the soldier's duties shun,  
And snatch the fame that he had won !

What useful lessons spur our sense,  
When taught by sour experience !  
We've learned " Virginia's sacred soil,"  
Like common earth, may bleed and toil ; (11)



That Tennessee in zeal may flag  
To witness the dismay of Bragg,  
And that our Floyd was taught to dance,  
In reels, by master Rosecrans—  
An active, flying Dutchman, who  
Our straggling armies *will* pursue ;  
Or, if outnumbered, hold his own  
With all the masses round him thrown.  
But what of these? Bring Conscripts out ;  
The men of fifty oft are stout,  
And, should they strive to hide or fly,  
The lash and ball you may apply —  
No Volunteer so freely fights  
As one who's *forced* to seek his rights. (12)

Old Union never gazed upon  
Such piebald rights as have been won ;  
By valor gained, in open day ;  
These let Secession proud display—  
A motley group of great and small,  
But, in hotch pot, behold them all.

The right to have our ports blockaded,  
And our own paradise invaded ;

To be, at once, sublimely roasted  
With "*that same*" fire of which we boasted.

The right of Preachers, who inherit,  
From ancient Seers, "a lying spirit," (13)  
To prophesy that we, in battle,  
Should slay our brethren just like cattle;  
But, when the fiery tide was turning,  
With hell-born inspiration burning,  
Besetting heaven that war should cease,  
And wrestling lustily for peace,  
As if THE JUST would deign to hear  
Prayers meant alone for human ear. (14)

The right to banish silver, gold,  
And paper promises unfold,  
Printed and paid, amidst duress,  
In every shape of ugliness; (15)  
To laud each petty corporation  
That labors to build up a nation;  
To fill your pockets with "shin-plasters,"  
Prolific fruits of cash disasters,  
And take as *good*, all free from stricture,  
Whatever rags display a picture.

The right to force your hay and oats (16)  
With, or without, Confederate notes ;  
To have your mules and horses prest,  
And swear that you have been caressed ;  
To see your treasured wheat and flour  
Consumed by military power ;  
To part with fodder, corn, and bacon,  
At arbitrary value taken ;  
And feel that farmers freely bleed  
'Neath prices stamped by lawyer Sneed—(17)  
A man whose mind alone enlarges  
When pondering o'er his own huge charges.

The right to let rude soldiers seize  
Your milk and poultry when they please ;  
Grab all your bed-clothes, sugar, honey,  
And think your murmurs very funny ;  
The right to have your country take  
Your leather for the army's sake ;  
In one of patriotism's fits,  
To make your harness of oak splits, (18)  
And let your wives and children go  
Barefooted through the mud and snow ;

While some young stripling, whom it suits,  
Struts, high and dry, in seven-leagued boots!

The right to have your stills destroyed  
That liquors may be well employed —  
For common soldiers all “*go dry*,”  
That officers may frolic high — (19)  
The right to make your coffee, tea,  
Of rye, or roots, and boast you’re free;  
To learn the art of breeches thatching,  
Grow skilled in many-colored patching;  
Wear faded clothes till old and rotten,  
And make the new of Dixie cotton. (20)

The right to close all business doors,  
And do without the shops and stores;  
To see your loving wife grow mad  
When pins and needles can’t be had;  
Heave sighs for silks and calico,  
And wonder where the sugars go;  
To grasp you sternly by the throat,  
With rents in her last petticoat,  
Or wear some hideous hat or bonnet  
And scream a threadbare rebel sonnet!

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The right to travel as first-class,  
But, like a negro, show your pass ; (21)  
Large hires to pay for substitutes,  
Then be compelled to “go it, boots ;” (22)  
And, when Secession cuts a caper,  
The news to read — on wrapping paper.

The right to pay the heaviest tax (23)  
That ever broke a people's backs —  
(In vain the sturdiest Southern writhes  
At thoughts of paying cash and tithes)—  
The right to hear of sons well-fed,  
In distant armies, bravely led ;  
To be assured they get relief  
Against the climate, with mule beef,  
And that 'tis glorious when they die,—  
They know not where, and care not why. (24)

The right to disarm Union men  
By dash of ZOLLICOFFER's pen ; (25)  
With tents and blankets to dispense,  
And burn their cheap or costly fence ;  
Their houses search, their persons seize,  
With hostile bands of Cherokees ;

Then “devilish Yankees” to abuse  
Who negroes in their service use.

The right to dream that all’s impartial  
Which may be done by Provost Marshal;  
To view the scum of all the nation  
Promoted to official station; (26)  
By drumhead law, to hang bridge burners,  
In terror to Secession spurners; (27)  
To murder men and boys unarmed,  
Who are not with its beauties charmed;  
When startled renegades vanish,  
Their goods to steal, their wives to banish, (28)  
And give your safety the eclat  
Of bayonet courts and martial law. (29)

Such priceless rights he never felt,  
Who, at the Union altar, knelt;  
Such blessings ne’er were seen or sent  
In our “old, rotten government;”  
They came — so willed the smiling fates —  
From our beloved Confederate States!

Let these, and other changes prove,  
How their whole country all should love;

How WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address  
May every noble mind impress;  
How wise and just his sage reflections  
On party names and wars of sections;  
What madness has controlled the hour,  
And wildly led with demon power!

Oh! Union, born in throes and blood,  
Well nurtured by the wise and good,  
What wickedness has sought thy life,  
'Mid civil broils and party strife!  
'Twas thine to crown with happiness  
A land that Heaven rejoiced to bless;  
Extend to all a parent's care,  
With poor and rich thy bounties share;  
Whate'er was wrong, subdue, correct,  
Nor smallest privilege neglect;  
'Twas thine to give the exile home,  
Guard well thy people should they roam;  
Shield citizens in desert sands,  
Or wandering o'er the prairie lands;  
Exact from Savages and Kings  
The homage that from power springs;

Of Liberty the guide to be  
In newborn States begot of thee,  
And see thy children thrive and grow  
With active limbs and healthful glow ;  
Wealth springing up at their command,  
From mines of ore and teeming land,  
With naught to fear or emulate  
Save progress in a rival State !  
With thee, religion, equal law,  
Went, hand in hand, the vile to awe ;  
Thy youth were taught, and hoary age,  
In safety, spoke its counsels sage ;  
The humblest man in power or place  
Might boldly his accuser face,  
And from the courts of right demand  
A speedy trial in native land ; (30)  
No hidden foe could have him borne  
Away, in distant jail to mourn ;  
No myrmidon could keep him there,  
For Justice reached him everywhere,  
And Law's great writ of common right  
Flashed o'er him its resplendent light ; (31)  
No coward fears, no false alarms  
The people robbed of safety's arms ;



Long-cherished charters did assure  
Their property and lives secure ;  
No fetters chained the free-born mind,  
No prisons innocence confined ;  
The ruffian's search, the assassin's tread,  
Ne'er filled the land with silent dread ; (32)  
The tyrant's power, unfelt, unknown,  
By patriot fathers overthrown,  
Existed, in the dreamy past,  
Like memory of a thunder blast,  
And, in the sunshine of the day,  
The horrid phantom fled away !  
Where'er thy flag disturbed the breeze,  
On oceans wide or distant seas,  
Already had thy matchless name  
Aroused the trumpet blast of fame ;  
O'er all the earth down-trodden man  
Revered the word—AMERICAN ;  
And panting to be great and free,  
His fondest wishes turned to thee —  
The despot's foe, the living light  
To guide the struggling nations right !

Shades of our country's champions ! where  
Dwell ye amid the ambient air ?

Are ye allowed to see or know  
All that occurs on earth below?  
Are Freedom's heroes, when they die,  
Wafted above the deep blue sky?  
Their thronging spirits! may they tell  
How conflict rages like a hell?  
And can ye yet exert a power  
To lull the storms that darkly lower?

It cannot be—or WASHINGTON  
Would sternly censure what we've done,  
And hush the cannon that declare  
Our slight of his paternal care!  
It cannot be—or JACKSON fierce,  
The grave's dark gloom would boldly pierce,  
And back to earth, in wrath return,  
“With thoughts that breathe, and words that  
burn!”

It cannot be—or WEBSTER, great  
In all the lore that forms a State,  
Would, for the Constitution, plead,  
And shout—of Anarchy take heed!  
It cannot be—or matchless CLAY  
The veil that hides would tear away,  
And his tall form erect display

Arrayed in dazzling robe of white,  
And, flashing with angelic light,  
Upon an arching rainbow stand,  
Viewed by a torn and bleeding land ;  
And, with an eloquence new-born,  
A maddened people loudly warn ;  
Bid War's infernal carnage cease,  
And million's voices cry for peace !

What hissing curse, or crushing blast,  
Shall be o'er perjured traitors cast,  
Who swore their country to sustain,  
But gladly give that country pain ? (33)  
Who can atone for all the blood  
That deluges, like angry flood,  
And fills a land with groans and tears,  
That happiest stood among her peers ?

The orphan child, the widowed wife,  
The soldier ruined, maimed for life ;  
The patriot scourged, the prisoner freed,  
All who have suffered, all who bleed ;  
The thousands who in lies believed,  
The millions in their hopes deceived ;

The cheerless homes, the ruins black,  
The fields thrown out to War's wild track;  
The very horses, starved and thin,  
With ghosts of murdered men, begin,  
In bitterest strains, to chant, rehearse,  
The traitor's doom, the tory's curse!

Where'er they go, let withering scorn  
Against their coming quickly warn;  
Whate'er they say, let shy distrust,  
In doubt, deny their statements just;  
Whate'er they do, let jealous eyes  
Their best performances despise;  
From their vile presence turn away,  
Trust not the miscreants who betray;  
Do not their callous conscience mock  
With oaths that cannot bind or shock;  
Withhold the honors they may seek  
With brazen front or bearing meek;  
Imbue your children with a dread  
Of all who in Rebellion led;  
And, while its gay, deluded fair,  
And misled votaries you spare,  
Let every proud, detested name,  
Be "damned to everlasting fame!"

## NOTES.

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(1.) PREVIOUSLY to the war, and with the view of creating the belief that such an event was impossible, there was an incessant cant, among Southern leaders, in favor of "peaceable secession."

(2.) The doctrine of "Reconstruction" was freely promulgated until all the seceding States "went out;" but afterwards it was regarded as treason to speak of it.

(3.) The Southern Commissioners, who were sent to England, knowing the hostility of that country to slavery, argued *there* that Abolition was not the cause of the war, and referred to Mr. Lincoln's inaugural to prove it. It was said that, after lashing the whole South into fury on the slavery question, they offered a plan for the gradual abolition of slavery; and represented opposition to Free Trade as the cause of the war!

(4.) Southern leaders boasted that "Cotton was King," until they began to believe themselves monarchs of all the earth. Their boasts, as to European dependence, have not been fulfilled. Cotton has not

been made a specie basis to sustain the Confederate currency, as they promised; and Confederate notes, even among themselves, are 1500 per cent. below par.

(5.) In the hope of keeping up the spirits of the people, Southern papers have published articles, *ad nauseam*, upon foreign intervention, ever since the war began. But, of late, they argue it would be of no service. See the fable of the Fox and the Grapes.

(6.) Mr. Secretary Walker declared, in his speech at Montgomery, on the 12th of April, 1861, that "the flag which now flaunts the breeze here, would float over the old Capitol at Washington before the first of May;" and many a deluded soldier believed him.

(7.) It was a stereotyped expression that "one Southerner could whip five Yankees;" yet, ages ago, it was said: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

(8.) The Conscription Law was passed to keep the Southern army together. Thousands, who had volunteered to serve twelve months, were forced into the three years' service. In executing the law, in East Tennessee, Union men and women were whipped, and the latter sometimes hung, to make them tell where the Conscripts were secreted. Many were shot, and nothing was more common than to bring them tied and handcuffed into the little towns. At Knoxville, conscripts were whipped, compelled to wear the ball and chain, and, in some instances, hung for desertion. CAPTAIN HARRIS, a respectable young man, of Jeffer-

son County, was sentenced to be hung, although he was never in the Confederate service, on the technical ground that, as his name had been enrolled, he was to be regarded as a soldier. It was with the utmost difficulty that his numerous relations and friends obtained a commutation of the punishment to imprisonment for life.

(9.) Before the capture of the places named, they were each represented as of great consequence and impregnable. Afterwards, it was said they were not good strategic positions, and had been badly fortified!

(10.) Southern papers never admit that an army is defeated. They modestly call it—“*falling back!*”

(11.) Poor old Virginia! Land of politics and pride, and victim of traitors! The cotton States were too smart for her, and transferred the war to her sacred soil. She rushed into it without cause, and her fields are desolate; her bosom, a graveyard! She has nothing left but the Resolutions of '98.

(12.) The phrase most popular among Southern men, was that they were “*going out of the Union to get their rights.*” The enumeration which follows, if not poetical, is, at least, true, and drawn from actual occurrences.

(13.) Once upon a time, the question was put:—“Who shall entice Ahab, king of Israel, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead?” And a spirit said: “I will entice him and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets.” There were 400 against one;

yet Ahab fell, as Micaiah predicted; and our Parsons may learn that it is not always right to "follow a multitude to do evil."

(14.) The clergy — whose proper business it is to declare "on earth peace, good will towards men" — with a few honorable exceptions, forgot their calling and clamored for war, when no man in the United States could truthfully say that he had ever been oppressed by his government. After a few defeats, and after thousands of widows and orphans had been made in the land, in a great measure through their influence over the public mind, they began to "walk softly" before their Maker, and to pray for peace. Let them now, in good faith, practice that repentance which they preach to others.

(15.) Never, since the world began — no, not in the days of Continental money, or of the French assignats — was there such a currency! States, Counties, Banks, Corporations, Companies, and individuals, have issued their notes by the bale, printed in the meanest style and on the meanest paper. Oh! for the tongue of old Bullion, to lash the Southern States-rights-hard-money-Democratic leaders!

(16.) No pen can describe the pilfering and stealing depredations of the Southern cavalry in East Tennessee. The Impressment Law was a farce. The property of Union men was generally taken without compensation. That of Secessionists was, sometimes, taken in the same manner, but certificates were generally issued to them;



and, in order to obtain payment, they had to run the gauntlet of the "Circumlocution Office," and then received about half-price in Confederate notes.

(17.) W. H. Sneed and W. E. Travis, grand commissioners of valuation under the impressment law, fixed the price of corn, in their Schedule No. 1, at \$1.85 and \$2 per bushel, when it was selling at \$5, and other articles in proportion. These gentlemen, of profound erudition and limitless knowledge, actually valued bacon at 35 and 40 cents, and country-made soap at 50 cents, per pound; thus presenting, although the army was half starved, a strong temptation to manufacture all the bacon into soap!

(18.) Sixty per cent. of all leather is taken by the rapacious and unscrupulous government; and, as a consequence, hundreds—not to say thousands—of women and children have been compelled to go barefooted through all the inclemency of winter. The "Lynchburg Republican" recommended the oak substitute, as stated in the text, and his article was extensively copied by the Southern papers.

(19.) The orders and acts of the military authorities in East Tennessee, prohibiting the manufacture of liquors, closing groceries, and destroying stills, were palpable violations of the license laws of Tennessee; but, notwithstanding the stringency of these measures, many of the officers contrived to have the article manufactured, under the pretence that it was needed for the hospitals, and were often gloriously drunk.

(20.) It has been, and is impossible to procure anything like an adequate supply of the most common articles, and the "*makeshifts*" are legion.

(21.) Martial law was declared and has been kept up in East Tennessee, in defiance of all law. The passport system has been exceedingly oppressive. Under it, some of the Provost Marshals refused to grant passports to Union men to go for salt, with their wagons, to the Salt Works, the only place where it could be had!

(22.) Conscripits were called out, first, to the age of 40; then to 45; and the militia, under the State law, to 55. A person who hired a substitute under the first call, who was over 40, but under 55, is now required to serve himself.

(23.) The Confederate tax law takes one-tenth of all grain and other agricultural productions, in kind, and provides for the appointment of Tithing-men to collect it. It taxes the same person and the same thing in a great variety of forms. It beats anything that ever was passed in America; and, in many respects, is equal to England. But what are our new-fledged rights worth, if they cost us nothing? By the time we are fully overrun by the two opposing armies, we shall begin to appreciate their value, and to learn that war ought never to be resorted to, except in cases of absolute and imperious necessity, and is not to be justified on the ground of theoretical and imaginary injuries.

(24.) Remember Vicksburg and mule beef.

(25.) Among the papers of General Zollicoffer, found after his death at Fishing Creek, was an order to Major Wood, directing that the tories — *i. e.* the Union men — should be disarmed. This was done under his order, and an unconstitutional law passed by the State Legislature. It was pretended that the arms were needed by the Southern army. They consisted chiefly of old rifles, shot-guns, and pistols, and were never used, but were boxed up. The real object was to deprive Union men of all power of resistance. Southern leaders “prepared the Southern heart, and fired the Southern mind” with the idea that the object of Mr. Lincoln was to SUBJUGATE the South; yet, in their own practice, they subjugated the people of East Tennessee, so far as it was possible for them to do, and attempted the same thing in Kentucky and Missouri; thus showing that this, as well as all other pretexts for the disruption of the government, were false and unfounded.

(26.) Some of the Provost Marshals and Enrolling Officers, not to speak of others, were the grandest rascals the Confederacy could produce. In the boiling of the political cauldron it was natural that the scum should rise to the surface!

(27.) If the bridge burners acted under the authority of the United States, they were guilty of no offence. If they acted without such authority, they were amenable, for a penitentiary offence, to the State laws. In either view, their execution was a murder,

for which all concerned may be lawfully indicted and punished—if the people will take care not to elect Secessionists to the offices of Judge and Attorney-General; but especially the latter.

- (28.) The Confederate soldiery have, in a vast number of instances, stolen the property of Union men, sold it at public sale, and divided the proceeds. The Confederate court has shown equal rapacity, in the numerous cases in which the confiscation law has been enforced, and its Judge solemnly declared, in open court, that an alien—that is, a Union man who had fled to Kentucky—had no rights in his court. On the 23d of April, 1862, an order was promulgated from headquarters, at Knoxville, by the Provost Marshal, to the effect that those who had fled might return within thirty days; but that, if they did not do so, their wives and children in East Tennessee “should be sent to their care in Kentucky, or beyond the Confederate lines, at their own expense,” it being declared that “the women and children must be taken care of by husbands and fathers, either in East Tennessee or in the Lincoln government.”

(29.) In September, 1861, Hon. West H. Humphreys—who was impeached as a Federal Judge before the United States Senate, but contrived to hold a similar position in the Confederate government—held his high court of Star Chamber at Knoxville, having the court house filled with armed soldiers, who prevented the entrance of any one who had not express permission.

Such a scene was never before witnessed in Tennessee. Some foolish circuit Judge, whose name was not published, afterwards imitated the example at Athens, but was admirably rebuked by the Athens Post.

- (30.) In view of the thousands who have been sent to prison in this and other States, without accuser and without trial, let the people read again and love more than ever the Bills of Rights in every American Constitution !

(31). General Buckner informed the State Judges, in East Tennessee, that he would not obey their writs of habeas corpus, and that such process, to be respected, must emanate from a Confederate Judge. As the proper residence of the Confederate Judge was at Nashville, and his ambulatory domicile was everywhere, it was thus rendered impossible for a soldier, or other person wrongfully held in military custody, to obtain a legal release.

(32.) Confederate soldiers, directly in the teeth of all our constitutions and laws, were constantly in the habit of searching and robbing the houses of Union men by day and by night ; but none of them were ever punished, or, if they were, the public journals did not state it, lest it should fill their own description of the Yankees.

(33.) Let it never be forgotten that governors, members of Congress, judges, clerks, lawyers, sheriffs, justices, and all other officers, were sworn to support the Constitution of the United States. Those of them who inaugurated or advocated secession before the

State "went out," were guilty at least of moral perjury. But those who acquiesced in or supported it, after a government *de facto* was established, stand on a very different footing. They, and also the vast numbers who, by means of actual or apprehended force, were compelled to take the oath, are certainly excusable, and perhaps justifiable.

# EAST TENNESSEE.

A Poem.

BY

AN EAST TENNESSEAN.

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"He who first met the highland's swelling blue,  
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;  
Bail, in each crag, a friend's familiar face,  
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace."—BYRON.

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## EAST TENNESSEE.



EAST TENNESSEE ! secluded land,  
Of gentle hills and mountains grand,  
Where healthful breezes ever blow,  
And coolest springs and rivers flow ;  
Where yellow wheat and waving corn  
Are liberal poured from plenty's horn,—  
Land of the valley and the glen,  
Of lovely maids and stalwart men ;  
Thy gorgeous sunsets well may vie,  
In splendor, with Italian sky ;  
For, gayest colors deck the clouds,  
As night the dying sun enshrouds,  
And heaven itself doth wild unfold  
Its drapery of blue and gold,  
And, pillowed in the rosy air,  
The seraphs well might gather there,

And, in the rainbow tinted West,  
Be lulled by their own songs to rest!

Thy bracing Winter, genial Spring,  
The ruddy glow of rapture bring;  
Thy Summer's mild and grateful heat,  
From sweltering suns gives cool retreat;  
While frosty Autumn, full of health,  
Fills crib and barn with grainy wealth,  
And challenges the earth to dress  
Its leaves in richer loveliness!

Enchanting land, where nature showers  
Her fairest fruits and gaudiest flowers;  
Where stately forests wide expand,  
Inviting the industrious hand,  
And all the searching eye can view  
Is beautiful and useful too;—  
Who knows thee well, is sure to love,  
Where'er his wandering footsteps rove,  
And backward ever turns to thee,  
With fond, regretful memory,  
Feeling his heart impatient burn  
Among thy mountains to return!

Thy varied charms might well prolong  
A poet's lay, a lover's song ;  
But love and poetry no more  
Invite the muse to sigh or soar !  
Thy fields are waste, thy towns are dull,  
Thy trade destroyed, thy prisons full ;  
Thy bravest men away are driven,  
The only exiles under heaven,  
The ties all rent that bind to earth,  
And nothing now can move to mirth.

Time was, when in this lovely clime,  
A people dwelt, removed from crime,  
Of frugal habits, honest name,  
Whose deeds were not unknown to fame ;  
Their fathers drank at Freedom's fountain,  
And bravely battled at King's Mountain ;  
The sons, on many a bloody plain,  
Their love of country proved again,  
When England, in her second war,  
Against that country, sought to mar  
Its growing grandeur and its pride  
In institutions yet untried ;  
And, once again, were swift to show  
Their prowess, in far Mexico,

Where each defile and fortress owns  
Their valor, in their bleaching bones !

. Could such a people e'er rejoice  
To hear the traitor's hateful voice ?  
Could they their blessings all forego,  
And madly seek their country's woe ?  
Disown her flag, her Union sever,  
And blast her glorious name forever ?  
No ! had they formed the purpose wild,  
Been blindly led, or soon beguiled ;  
Submitted, in that frantic hour,  
When men rejected reason's power ;  
When perjury and passion swayed  
The counsels which a land betrayed —  
Their generous, patriotic blood  
Had burst its veins in angry flood ;  
Their mothers had their sons disowned,  
Their sad decline their wives bemoaned,  
And ev'n the spirits of their sires  
Had doomed them to eternal fires !

What tho', with many a fair pretence,  
Sustained by matchless impudence,

Secession triumphed in its hate,  
Or seemed to triumph, o'er the State ;  
What, tho' a rash and rotten league, (1)  
In secret formed, through vile intrigue,  
Was ratified, without reflection,  
By an illegal, mock election ; (2)  
What, tho' our trusted public men  
Proved recreant to their duty then, (3)  
Nor sought the martyr's diadem,  
But rode the tide they feared to stem —  
East Tennessee, firm as her rocks  
That bear the mighty earthquake's shocks,  
Resolved all ills to brave and dare  
Rather than crouch in calm despair ;  
To breast the fierce and threatening storm  
Of tyranny—in every form !

Right sorely, as the months revolve,  
Have tyrants tried that stern resolve ;  
But murder and imprisonment  
Have failed to quell their discontent ; (4)  
In vain, each fierce and hireling band  
Marauds and desolates the land ;

In vain, are Indians kept to spy  
Their hiding places, when they fly ; (5)  
In vain, are force and flattery brought  
To change the currents of their thought ;  
In vain, may fiends, with red hot breath  
Their patriots doom to felon's death ;— (6)  
No art or power can bind their will,  
They love their fathers' country still,  
And hope, with joy, once more to see  
The banished banner of the free —  
The stars and stripes of Liberty !

Oh ! could the truthful muse display  
The terrors of *our* night and day,  
All that has sprung from rage and fear,  
All we have felt and witnessed here ;  
With burning words, compare, contrast,  
The dismal present with the past—  
Show all that has been done or meant  
By one bad, bold experiment—  
Could helpless woman's shrieks be heard  
Beyond the dells where crimes occurred ;  
Could childhood's fruitless cries for life  
Arise above War's din and strife— (7)

*Our* people would not be alone  
Their long loved flag to claim and own—  
The very Rebels, in disgust,  
Their heartless leaders would distrust;  
With shouts of gladness, rush to view  
The emblem of their safety, too,  
And, cursing their delusion, vow  
To raise it as their standard now! (8)

The press, once free, is bound in chains,  
No liberty of speech remains;  
An utter recklessness of life  
Displays the bitterness of strife;  
The blood of BOWMAN, BYRD, CALDWELL, (9)  
And thousands more who darkly fell,  
Unnoticed, cries for vengeance yet,  
And curses still the earth it wet!  
The Judge and Jury are displaced  
By stripes and brass and collars laced;  
The love of order long has ceased,  
The guiltiest felons are released,  
And dearest rights are held as toys,  
By swaggering men and foppish boys, (10)

Who, in a summary way, decide  
What time and learning gravely tried,  
While Justice, fled in tears and pain,  
Gives up to Arms her tranquil reign !

No Constitution hampers them,  
To be accused, is to condemn ;  
To be suspected, will prevail  
To open wide the distant jail,  
And prisoners rarely hear or know  
Why they're compelled to come or go,  
But deem it worse than death to feel  
That hearts, once kind, are turned to steel. (11)

Of this, may GALBRAITH, SENTER, MEEK,  
ROGERS, and JOHNSON truly speak ; (12)  
Torn from their families and friends,  
To answer Party's secrets ends,  
Their characters of no avail  
To save them from the loathsome jail ;  
They never their accusers knew,  
Or what the crimes 'twas charged they'd do ;  
But, after months of banishment  
Returned, untried, as they were sent !



Long may they live and faithful tell  
Of prisons, they have known too well,  
And show the world that hate or pride,  
Religion's soothing aid denied,  
And strove to still the voice of prayer  
For captives, who were dying there ! (13)  
And oh ! that PICKENS, TREWHITT, too, (14)  
With THORNBURG, could alike review,  
The tender mercies of a foe,  
Who strikes th' unarmed with cruel blow,  
And prove that Rebeldom can be—  
The hottest bed of infamy !

But TREWHITT, PICKENS, THORNBURG died,  
As captives firm, with faith well tried,  
Adored their land with latest breath,  
And praised the stars and stripes till death !  
We see them not, nor more can hear  
Their stirring words arouse and cheer ;  
But dream that with their spirits' prayer,  
They burthen now the very air—  
To think of them, without regret,  
As patriots whose sun has set,

Whose freed and deathless souls arise,  
And shed their radiance from the skies,  
To prove that patient suffering here,  
In a good cause, has naught to fear;  
That Freedom's path, if firmly trod,  
Is blazoned by the living God,  
And heaven itself has no despair,  
For glory twines with Union there!

East Tennessee may point, with pride,  
To other sons well proved and tried,  
While HUNTSMAN almost lifeless hangs,  
And fearless dares death's keenest pangs,  
Her thousands swell the bannered hosts  
Of which a mighty nation boasts.  
Those whom despotic rule expelled,  
Their principles have faithful held;  
Some rushed at War's first wild, loud blast,  
To nail their colors to the mast,  
And sink or swim with ship of state,  
However steered, whate'er its fate;  
With like devotion, others flew,  
As heavier the oppression grew,

To bear reproach, forego applause,  
And give their life blood to the cause !  
At last, the hunted Conscripts go,  
To prove themselves a stubborn foe ;  
For, in Secession's cursed course,  
The despot's argument of force,  
To win recusants to their side,  
With vigorous sternness is applied,  
And lawless ruffians are turned loose  
To fire their guns or ply the noose —  
To seize the frightened as they fly,  
And, with remorseless rigor, tie,  
Or plunge them in the prisons dank,  
Without regard to age or rank ! (16)

These stern examples fail to move  
The public fear, or gain its love ;  
A conscientious sense of right  
Prevents a willingness to fight,  
In treason's base and rotten cause,  
Against the government and laws,  
And Conscripts struggle to "*get through*," (17)  
Tho' maddened soldiers close pursue.

Footsore, and weary, day and night,  
Diseased, distress, in humble plight,  
O'er paths untravelled, on they press,  
To make the dangerous distance less ;  
Nor blazing sun, nor ice, nor snow,  
Can make them their bold aim forego ;  
Of tyranny alone afraid,  
They woo the name of renegade, (18)  
And, hurling back the taunts of haters,  
Denounce their persecutors — traitors !

Long did the Rebels well prepare  
A gallant leader to ensnare ;  
But, dashing through their bristling steel,  
As if not made its balls to feel,  
And, bleeding free at every pore,  
While hundred muskets 'round him roar,  
The mountain warrior conquers pain ;  
And gives to fame the feats of LANE ! (19)

East Tennessee ! Tho' darkness now  
Its shadow casts upon thy brow,  
The Muse, with his prophetic sight,  
Beholds thee clothed in joy and light ! (20)

How changed the scene! the exiles come  
Back to their long deserted home;  
Their banners flutter to the breeze,  
Their guns are glistening thro' the trees;  
To martial sounds their horses prance,  
Their long, blue lines make proud advance;  
Their thundering cannon wake the roar  
Of gladness, in the hills once more;  
The guilty tyrants all have fled,  
Or sleep, dishonored, with the dead;  
The shouts of freedom ring again  
In hill and valley, town and plain;  
The hidden flags, revealed to sight,  
Rejoice to flutter in the light;  
The frowns have passed from beauty's brow,  
And kerchiefs white are waving now;  
The mother, leaving task undone,  
Folds in her arms her absent son;  
With smiles and tears, the sister too,  
Her long lost brother runs to view;  
The sad and late despairing wife  
Revives to happiness and life;  
The babes their tender hands stretch out,  
The little children play and shout;

The tiny streamlets dance and glow,  
The rivers run with speedier flow ;  
The flowers assume their brightest hues,  
The birds are gladdened with the news ;  
The servants dark, with shining eyes,  
And noisy voices, laugh surprise ;  
Gayer than nightingale or lark,  
The skipping dogs their welcome bark ;  
Released from death and toil and pain,  
The wanderers are at home again ;  
And never, to the Refugee,  
Seemed half so lovely — TENNESSEE !

And oh ! when War's fierce sword and brand  
Shall leave our hill-girt Switzerland ;  
When Time shall to the world reveal  
What hostile presses now conceal,  
And prove what has been done and borne,  
Though isolated and forlorn,  
By a brave people, who adored,  
And ne'er their country's cause ignored —  
*How* they endured the Oppressor's blame,  
And suffered poverty and shame ; (21)

*How*, of their lands and goods deprived,  
All bare and comfortless they lived ;  
*How*, when by ruffian bands enclosed,  
The usurper's power they still opposed ;  
While Treason, taught to domineer,  
By petty malice, coward fear,  
Was ever ready to condemn  
And murder or imprison them —  
When a free press shall publish all  
That was intended to appal,  
And show, how sons to Freedom born,  
Could laugh the tyrants' chains to scorn,  
Then will East Tennessee be hailed  
Like conqueror who has prevailed !  
Applause shall build the tasteful arch  
That spans her grand, triumphal march,  
And Wonder strew the flowery way  
That graces the august display !  
The poet shall her praises sing,  
The orator his tribute bring ;  
The novelist find truth more strange  
Than fiction's wildest, widest range,  
And history shall blazon then,  
The deeds of faithful, valiant men,

And give to our dear mountain home  
“A name surpassing Greece or Rome !”

Thus sang the Muse — ere BURNSIDE came,  
With all our hills to link his name !

Relief delayed, but promised long. (22)  
To rid our suffering land of wrong,  
Had blunted Expectation's sense,  
And chilled the feelings, once intense,  
Until alternate doubt and fear  
Refused to trust that aid was near.

“Hark to the sound of trump and drum,”  
At last, our brave deliverers come !

And is it not a fitful dream,  
That o'er our darkness bright may gleam,  
Then leave us, all our cries unheard,  
Heart sick and faint, from hope deferred ?

'Tis no delusion ! rouse, awake !  
They come, resolved our bonds to break ;  
And many a hero whose great deeds,  
The admiring world delighted reads,



With kindling heart and swelling vein,  
Bounds to our iron-banded plain, (23)  
And, while 'tis trod by Rebel feet,  
Feels that his task is incomplete !  
Oh ! see them scale the mountain's height,  
With bayonets sharp and sabres bright,  
And, as they swell to distant view,  
They mingle with the sky's dark blue,  
And seem a cloud new-forming there,  
Just fringing the horizon fair !

Will they not pause and tamely rest,  
Like others, on the lofty crest ?  
Where thickening dust obscures display,  
Do they descend the winding way ?  
And *have* they come, in truth and deed,  
Willing for us to die or bleed ?  
Or, are we doomed to feel again  
The tightened cord, the doubled chain ?

Away with doubt and banish fear,  
Their massive lines shall soon appear !  
More merry than the laughing morn,  
Loud peals the spirit-stirring horn ;

The measured tread, the flashing steel,  
The clattering hoof, the rumbling wheel,  
Tell that advancing hosts are nigh,  
With courage tried and purpose high !

Now, as they dash along the plain,  
With prancing steeds and endless train,  
With Freedom once again shake hands,  
And welcome her victorious bands !  
South Mountain, Antietam, Roanoke,  
Their heroes send to break our yoke,  
And free the land from threatened fire,  
The ruthless sword and vengeance dire ! (24)  
HARTSHUFF, with wounds as yet unhealed,  
Refuses to forsake the field ;  
WILCOX and MANSON, POTTER, WHITE,  
And PARK, are arming for the fight ;  
FERRARO, HASCALL, CARTER rush,  
Secession's hydra heads to crush ;  
Well earned by skillful deeds of war,  
SAUNDERS displays a new-born star ;  
And, waving high his glittering sword,  
The Morgan-tamer, SHACKELFORD,  
Pants to begin the steeple chase,  
And win again immortal race ! (25)

While Burnside, proved on sea and land,  
Full worthy of his high command,  
With genial, but undaunted soul,  
Arrays and well directs the whole,  
Moves *on* his veteran army corps,  
And fadeless laurels plucks once more !

Hail ! chieftain of the rescue, hail !  
A saddened land has ceased to wail ;  
And, as thy crowning work is done,  
With open arms, the people run,  
Thine every lineament to trace,  
And clasp thee in their kind embrace,  
A brother, in each soldier, see,  
And, more than friend, behold in thee !

While nations give thee just renown,  
And grateful States with honor crown,  
Our hills shall clap their joyous hands,  
And shout for thee and thy brave bands ;  
Mothers shall teach their babes thy name,  
And prattling childhood lisp thy fame,  
The voice of age its thanks express,  
And unborn generations bless !



## NOTES.

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(1.) THE memorable League, entered into on the 7th of May, 1861, by which Tennessee was attached to the Provisional Government of the Confederate States, was formed in secret and ratified—by a Legislature, elected in 1859, before the Secession troubles commenced—without consultation with the people, and after the State had voted for the Union, in February, 1861, by more than 50,000 majority.

(2.) At the elections of June and August, 1861, by which the secession of Tennessee was supposed to have been perfected, Volunteers were permitted to vote, in or out of the State, in direct violation of the Constitution, which requires the electors to vote in their respective counties.

(3.) John Bell, Andrew Ewing, and others, issued an address, on the 19th of April, 1861, to the people of the State, in which they advised Tennessee “not to take sides against the General Government;” but yielding, perhaps, to military coercion, they made speeches, on the same night, in favor of War. Had

they and the other signers of the address stood up to the Union cause. like most of the public men in East Tennessee, the State would never have been claimed as having seceded.

(4.) In almost every county of East Tennessee, the Confederate soldiers have murdered citizens; and it is supposed that not less than 5,000 persons have been arrested and imprisoned, since the commencement of the war, for no other reason than that they adhered to the Union. They were confined at Knoxville, Nashville, Tuscaloosa, Madison, Macon, and other places.

(5.) Cherokee Indians, from North Carolina, have been employed, throughout East Tennessee, like blood-hounds, to search for the hiding places of Refugees and Conscripts. England, in her wars with America, received and deserved the execration of the world for her barbarity in employing the Savages; and the Southern Confederacy will become equally odious.

(6.) The allusion here is to the murder of FRY, HINSHEE, HAUN, and the two HARMONS, father and son, five worthy citizens, who were hung for bridge burning, in November, 1861. They were tried by drumhead courts-martial, pursuant to the order of Secretary BENJAMIN. So hasty and heartless were the proceedings, that the two first named did not know they were to be executed until they reached the gallows at Greenville. The three last were hung at Knoxville; and HAUN declared, at the gallows, that what he had done was for his country's good, that he

did not regret it, and, under the like circumstances, would do so again.

The sufferings, imprisonment, and banishment of the undaunted DR. BROWNLOW, who narrowly escaped hanging, are already familiar to the whole nation.

(7.) The outrages to which females, residing in the remote mountain settlements, have been subjected, cannot, with propriety, be described. But it may be proper to state, briefly, that, in the winter of 1862-3, the people of Madison County, North Carolina, near the Tennessee line, were in great need of salt; that a supply of this article, belonging to the county, had been brought to that place; that those who had the control of it refused to supply Union men; that, as a consequence, the Union men broke into the depository and took their supplies; that to punish them for doing so, Confederate troops were sent there, who were guilty of every species of indignity and outrage to the Union population, male and female; that they took some twelve or fourteen of the citizens prisoners, and removed them from camp under the pretext that they were to be taken to Knoxville for trial, but shot them on the Laurel within about one mile of their camp; that, among the persons thus murdered, was a boy between twelve and fifteen years of age, who was only wounded at the first fire, but was shot a second time, and killed while piteously begging to be taken to his mother.

(8.) The greater part of the Poem was written before General Burnside took possession of East Ten-

nessee, but already has this prediction been fulfilled, as hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Secessionists have taken the oath to support the United States Government.

(9.) BYRD, a citizen of Hancock County, was a member of a military company, and, having been wounded in a skirmish, in which his men fled and left him, he crawled behind a fallen tree and laid down among the leaves, while the Rebel soldiers pursued his comrades. The pursuers returned, discovered him in his hiding-place, and, as he was unable to stand, propped him up against a tree and killed him with twelve balls. This was about the 1st of January, 1862. About the same time, MR. CALDWELL, a venerable and worthy citizen of Hawkins County, who was ignorant that any law had been passed to disarm the citizens, resisted the attempt to take his gun, and was murdered at his own house. More recently—*i. e.*, in September, 1863,—Mr. Bowman, a Dunkard preacher, was shot, in Sullivan County, because he refused to give up his horse to soldiers who were attempting to take, and took, him in defiance of the Confederate law of impressment.

(10.) Throughout East Tennessee, there was a general jail delivery to obtain soldiers for the army; and, in some instances, the guiltiest murderers were thus allowed to go “unwhipped of justice.” No soldier, who killed a Union man because of his Unionism or on account of some private grudge, has ever been



punished. The Provost Marshals, in the different counties, have usually been young men, ignorant of law and destitute of military experience. They have not hesitated to try civil suits and to force creditors to take Confederate notes in payment of specie debts.

(11.) Secession seems to "harden all the hearts and petrify the feeling." The instances have been rare in which any kind offices were performed by them, in behalf of their Union friends and neighbors, when in imprisonment or under accusation.

(12.) The five gentlemen named were imprisoned, at Tuscaloosa and Macon, and do not know, to this day, who was their accuser or what was their offence. Messrs. Galbraith, Senter, and Meek, had been members of the Tennessee Legislature, and Messrs. Rogers and Johnson were Methodists, in good standing with their church.

(13.) The Rev. Mr. Rogers, and eight other clergymen, of different denominations, were confined in prison, at the same time with many others, and desired to hold religious services, alternately, in the prison, on the Sabbath. The privilege was refused, and the keeper would not consent that either of them should officiate at the bedside of a dying prisoner. Mr. ROGERS, in defiance of the prohibition, rendered his services.

(14.) Messrs. PICKENS and THORNBURG had also been members of the Tennessee Legislature; and the latter held the office of Attorney-General at the time

of his death. Colonel TREWHITT was a respectable attorney. The three died in prison, without trial, and far away from the comforts and consolations of home. Their only crime was that they loved their country too well.

(15.) MR. HUNTSMAN, a kind-hearted farmer of Hawkins County, who lives in the mountains, had occasionally fed Refugees, who passed his house on their way to Kentucky; and, for this, and his unwillingness to make disclosures, he was hung until almost dead, and then taken to Jonesboro' and Knoxville, where he was further insulted, in various ways, and finally discharged.

(16.) The Rebel cavalry were commonly employed in consuming the substance of our people, and in *running* whenever the Federal raiders, or regular troops, offered them a fight. Their mission, like that of the Indians, was to hunt for Refugees and Conscripts; to murder and pillage at discretion; to shoot citizens striving to get out of their way, and to hang old men and women almost to suffocation. Conscripts, when caught, were almost invariably tied or handcuffed, and taken to jails full of filth and vermin.

(17.) "To get through" was a technical phrase among the Conscripts, signifying that they had safely passed into the Federal lines, over mountains and other obstructions. Although the Union men were continually urged, in the newspapers, to leave the country, yet soldiers were stationed at the different mountain

passes, to prevent their exit, and frequently arrested them.

(18.) The Rebels styled the East Tennesseans, who went into the Federal service,—RENEGADES.

(19.) Colonel LANE, of Greene County, was remarkably successful in conducting different companies of Refugees, through the mountains, into Kentucky, and was in the act of taking out a large number, when he was hotly pursued into the mountains, by the Rebel cavalry, who dismounted, at some distance from his encampment, and called him out, pretending to be Refugees, who desired to join his company. With all his caution, he did not discover the artifice until he was among a large number, and was seized by four or five of them. Being a very athletic man, he succeeded in breaking their hold, fired his revolver indiscriminately among them, and retreated as rapidly as possible. During the retreat he was wounded several times, and fell; and was represented by the Rebels as being dead. He was taken care of, however, by friends, and it is believed will recover.

(20.) These lines and those which follow, were written before the advance of Major-General Burnside, but in anticipation of his coming. They have been more than realized in the enthusiastic reception given to him and his army, and to our returning citizens and soldiers.

(21.) Southern orators and presses, animated by the most intense hatred of the Union population of East

Tennessee, have, studiously and repeatedly, represented the people as being extremely "*ignorant barbarians*;" when it is well known that, owing to the long prevailing custom of *stump discussion*, the masses, in none of the States, are better informed on political subjects. When their leaders were banished, imprisoned, or virtually gagged; when no man, of any prominence, dare avow his Union sentiments; when many of the best citizens were compelled to dissemble and seem to sympathize with the Rebellion; when the people could not hold Union meetings, or freely confer with each other; when the Inquisitorial proceeding was resorted to of summoning as witnesses the intimate associates and friends of a party accused, to testify as to his supposed conversations, and when proceedings to confiscate property were of every day occurrence in the Confederate court, the Union men, by a tacit understanding, as general as it was remarkable, refused to vote for members to the Southern Congress, and, when they voted, in judicial elections, actually elected Union men! Without arms, and disappointed in their hopes of aid from the General Government, their fidelity remained unshaken!!

(22.) Four Federal movements, of a partial character, were made into East Tennessee, prior to the occupation of the country in force by Major-General BURNSIDE, in September, 1863, viz.: the taking of Cumberland Gap, the shelling of Chattanooga, the burning of Watauga bridge, and the raid of Colonel SAUNDERS.

These movements, although well intended, exerted a disastrous influence on the Union men of East Tennessee; who, believing in each case that an army sufficient to hold the country was advancing, in many instances were imprudent in the expression of their satisfaction, and, as a consequence, were arrested and treated with greater rigor than ever. The succeeding lines are only a feeble representation of the hope and fear that exercised the public mind at the time Major-General Burnside and his army arrived; *hope*, that the report of his arrival might be true; *fear*, that it might prove to be simply a raid.

(23.) The "iron banded plain" is an allusion to the fact that East Tennessee is surrounded by mountains abounding with iron ore.

(24.) When General Burnside first entered East Tennessee, the Rebels evacuated the whole country east of Knoxville, but afterwards returned twice; first, to the vicinity of Henderson's Depot, and, on the second occasion, to the Blue Spring, west of Greenville. Just before the first evacuation, a Confederate enrolling officer was shot in Washington County, by the "bushwhackers." The Union men, as a party, had no agency in the transaction; but the "Lynchburg Virginian," edited by Charles W. Button, charged it upon them, and, among other things said, "FIRE AND SWORD should be their portion when we reoccupy the abandoned country." When the army returned, after the date of this article, they came as a band of

thieves and robbers, and plundered Union men and Southern men alike, of their horses and every species of movable property. So general were these depredations, that a strong Southern paper, the "Abingdon Virginian," of October 2, 1863, denounced them, in an article under the title "PUBLIC OUTRAGES," in which it was said that "many and loud complaints were made," and that "the people have suffered greatly from the depredations of squads of cavalry—men who enter their houses and fields and take whatever they want, without even asking the privilege or making remuneration." The editor observed, very properly, that he was not in favor of "honoring *theft* by the softer name of *pressing*."

(25.) Among the many brilliant achievements of the war, there is none which exceeds, in novelty or splendor, General SHACKELFORD's pursuit of Morgan. It continued nearly 1200 miles, and is without a parallel in history. He and his men were in the saddle twenty days at one time and without rest. The capture of so daring a raider as Morgan was equivalent to the destruction of an ordinary army, and the historian will transmit the exploit to future times as the greatest "fox hunt" on record.

THE END.













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